

FORTUNE KISSES LOCAL WOMAN AT 100TH MILESTONE

Fortune smiled upon Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Marsh when she reached the century mark on life's journey. Today, hale and hearty despite the snows of 100 winters, which touched her but lightly, she is in possession of a snug inheritance and the love of a score of descendants.

Mrs. Marsh celebrated her centennial at her home in E street southeast last night. On the eve of her hundredth birthday, she was notified that a ranch in Montana bequeathed from Melvin Marsh, a son, had been sold and the money turned over to her bank. Tired but happy after the reception, Mrs. Marsh was up early this morning. To her children and grandchildren she said:

"There are no charms in old life when you have nothing to do."

"Never get excited or worried, for an even disposition will win and you will live long and happily."

"If you live right, you will have friends who will stick to you through thick and thin."

Mrs. Marsh told her relatives that longevity comes through clean living and optimism. She has followed no set rules for diet. "I eat in moderation," she says in explaining her remarkable mental and physical vigor. The centenarian enjoys excellent health and her memory is unusually clear. She has recollections of the events of the civil war, especially of the battles in Maryland.

Mrs. Marsh has been a resident of Washington for thirty years. She was born at Middletown, Md. Three of her seven children are living. She makes her home with the eldest son, John Henry Marsh. The aged woman is very proud of the devotion of her boy of seventy-four years. Joseph Marsh, of Kansas City, Mo., returned to the home to attend the birthday festivities. Mrs. Charles H. Hake, of 217 thirty-third street northwest, is the only living daughter.

Her First Picture, Taken On 100th Birthday



MRS. ANNE ELIZABETH MARSH.
She lives at 1441 E street southeast. Yesterday she celebrated her reaching the century mark by having her photograph taken for The Times.

U. S. WILL OPERATE GREAT LAKES SHIPS

Organization of what will be known as the Great Lakes steamship line was begun today by the Government Railroads Administration. This step will be taken with a view to relieving railroads of much through traffic between the East and West, and was begun at the suggestion of Director General McAdoo.

Seven ships will be operated between Buffalo, Chicago and Milwaukee, and other vessels may be added later. It is the policy of the Railroads Administration to utilize water service wherever possible in moving heavy freight. All rail rates will prevail and to a certain extent it will be optional with the railroads as to the method of transportation.

SENATE TO REVISE AND REPASS VETOED BILL

Senator Chamberlain, of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, today stated that the military bill returned by the President with his veto will be altered and again offered for passage so as to provide for chaplains in the army who are older than forty-five years. The bill as passed retired chaplains at the age of forty-five, when it was intended to say that no chaplain older than forty-five should be appointed to service. The President sent with his veto a message saying that it was evident that Congress did not intend to retire chaplains at forty-five years. It will be necessary to re-pass the bill in both houses and return it to the President for his signature.

BLACKFOOT INDIAN MURDER PICTURES TUSCANIA TRAGEDY

One of the most graphic descriptions yet received in Washington of the sinking of the steamship Tuscania—laden with hundreds of troops, including a number of Washington men bound for the front in France—is contained in a letter received today by Perry H. Kennerly, 913 Jefferson street northwest, a Washington attorney, from his brother, Jerome Kennerly, twenty-five years old, now in the American aviation forces with the Pershing expedition.

Jerome Kennerly is a Blackfoot Indian, and studied six years at Carlisle, where he gained fame while playing football with the noted Thorpe. Kennerly returned to the Blackfoot Indian reservation in Montana after leaving Carlisle and worked as a cowboy. Exempt from draft, he won the commendation of reservation officials by enlisting in November last in the 188th Aero Squadron. He trained at San Antonio, Tex., and after the disaster to the Tuscania, a victim of a German torpedo, underwent training in England.

Start Is Auspicious.
His letter follows, in part:
"After embarking in the States, we started out of the harbor one beautiful morning in January. About noon we all took a look at the disappearing shore of the good old U. S. A. some of us, alas! for the last time; some of us never dreaming of what lay in store for us but a few days off."

"Our fleet of vessels, with the S. S. Tuscania in the center of the convoy, seemed as secure and safe from harm as the pet deer in the center of the National Park. We then went in a northerly course to a port of an island of the North, at which place we remained for a day."

"As we steamed out of the harbor we all stood on deck looking at the setting sun, passing joking remarks about the 'joy ride.' As many of the boys called it. And for ten days we settled down to seasickness and other minor disappointments, myself sharing the seasickness for one day, after which I felt first rate. We all passed the time reading, playing games, boxing, and other forms of exercise, when the sea was not too rough."

On the thirteenth day of our voyage, we were all on deck watching the boxing matches, which were going on all afternoon, thereby causing every one to be out on deck and in the rigging of the mast. It will always be my opinion that it was then that we were sighted by the submarine, as it could be plainly seen that our ship was a heavy load of troops. The sub managed to break through the convoy to get at us.

"As I understand it, the sub had been after the Tuscania for a long time and failed to get her on a number of trips. Hence, another reason for them to pick us out for a target on that awful night."

"About 5:30 p. m. a number of us had gone below for our supper, all in the best of spirits, the main point of our conversation being the sub. Finishing our meal, we went on deck, just as the order came for every one to be on deck with life preservers on. At or near 5:35 p. m. I stopped in the hallway just outside my state room to speak to a friend. It was then that I had one wish granted in less time than I can mention."

His Wish Is Granted.
"In a joking way I said, 'I wish a torpedo would hit us, just for a little excitement!' A loud crash, and I knew that my wish had been granted. The explosion was beyond description. The lights went out, throwing the ship in darkness, and I could hear the mad rush for the outer decks, but luck was with me. I was knocked to the floor and my hand cut on a fragment of an electric globe, which happened to be at the foot of the main stairway to the upper deck. I kept my wits collected and helped another boy to find his way on deck."

"After getting out I saw that the doomed ship had listed quite a little to starboard. For a few minutes there was quite a little confusion, but soon all quieted down and a few minutes one would have hardly known that we had been torpedoed, judging from the conversation while waiting for the lifeboats to be lowered. We were all expecting to hear the explosion of the boilers, but as we learned later the explosion of the torpedo had broken the main steam pipe, letting out the steam and saving us the danger of another explosion."

"When I had been on deck a short while I noticed a number of the boys without coats or hats and some without life belts, so two or three boys and I volunteered to go back into the ship to get coats and belts. We made six or seven trips down to get coats and belts, bringing up at each trip all we could handle."

Life-Boats Unavailable.
"I then stood by, waiting for the life-boat I was to go in, but it never came down. The ropes were all broken. Some of the life-boats broke in two, spilling their occupants into the sea. We were helpless to aid those in the water—those I knew I never would see again. The nights in the water I cannot describe in words."

"In about an hour and a half after being hit by the torpedo I went below once more to my stateroom to get some of my personal articles, including photographs of friends at home, and while I was on my way up the ship lurched twice to starboard and remained listed over very far, making it quite difficult to get to deck. I saw that a destroyer had pulled up alongside to take off the troops, and after about 300 men had got off safely, the little destroyer pulled away. It seemed that we few who were left on the deck were to be left to make the best of it. There were no signs of any help coming to us, so we contented ourselves by agreeing to die like soldiers; the ship's gunner firing the three-inch gun mounted on the stern of the ship and the signal rockets were sent up—"

Say, Here's a Senator Who Actually Refuses Government Mileage

History was made in the Senate when Irving L. Lenroot made it known that he had refused from the Government mileage covering the expense of a visit to Wisconsin to conduct a successful race for a seat in that body.

He announced that he made the race on his own volition and, therefore, did not feel entitled to mileage on the return trip. He has been formally sworn in and assigned to places on the Committee on Railroads, Coast Defense, Forest Reservations and Protection of Game, National Banks, and Public Buildings and Grounds.

making the sky look like a Fourth of July night.

"There was nothing that we could do, as the lifeboats had all gone or were broken. All at once we could see a dark object a short way off, coming toward us, which proved to be another British destroyer. The ship had now listed for the starboard and we were all expecting it to go down at any moment. We slid down the ropes onto the deck of the destroyer, it being quite a task to do so, as the sea was running very rough by then. There were about fifteen still on board the Tuscania when I came off, but they, too, soon slid safely to the deck of the destroyer."

"We then backed away from the doomed transport and had gone about 100 yards when a torpedo scraped the keel of the destroyer we were on. The signal was given for full speed ahead and the little destroyer started with its human cargo of about 370 lives for an Irish port, where we all shook hands and congratulated one another on our safety aboard the destroyer. We landed in a little port town in Ireland about 3 a. m. February 6. The people of the town treated us as if we were heroes. The best of everything was none too good for us."

"The sailors off a British destroyer told us a day or so after our arrival in Ireland (detected by censor) that the Tuscania—our home for a few days—had gone to the bottom shortly after the last of us had come off."

WOMAN DIES FROM BURNS IN POURING COAL OIL ON FIRE

Her clothing becoming ignited when a can of coal oil exploded at her home late yesterday, Mrs. Fronia C. Reasman, forty-four years old, wife of S. E. Reasman, watchman at the United States army engineers' wharf, foot of Fourteenth street southwest, suffered burns from which she died a short time later at the Casualty Hospital.

In attempting to extinguish the flames which enveloped her mother, Mrs. Clara Harris, twenty-five years old, a daughter, was badly burned on the hands and face. After her burns were treated at the hospital, Mrs. Harris returned to her home. The family live in a cottage near the wharf.

Mrs. Reasman was preparing the evening meal when she poured coal oil on some kindling wood in the stove to hurry the fire. The burning oil caused the explosion, and the blazing oil set fire to Mrs. Reasman's dress. She screamed for help, and her daughter smothered the flames with a blanket, but not before Mrs. Reasman was badly burned. The two women were taken to the hospital in an ambulance. But Mrs. Reasman's burns were such that efforts to save her life were of no avail.

You are, or should be, a member of the United States Food Administration. Therefore, your first question should not be "What is the Food Administration doing?" but "What am I doing?"—D. C. Food Administrator.

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TO TELL OF BATTLE FRONT.

"A Trip To the Battle Front in France" is the subject selected by Congressman C. C. Dill of Spokane, Wash., for his lecture to be delivered at the United Service Club of America, tonight.

Luxury business has ceased. The English are leading strenuous lives, but are prospering.—D. C. Food Administrator.

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Prepares a quarter pint at about the cost of a small jar of common cold cream.

When this home-made lemon lotion is generally massaged into the face, neck, hands and arms daily, the skin naturally should become soft, clear and white, and the complexion dainty and attractive.

What girl or woman hasn't heard of lemon juice to remove complexion blemishes; to bleach the skin and to bring out the roses, the freshness and the hidden beauty. But lemon juice alone is acid, therefore irritating, and should be mixed with orchard white this way. Strain through a fine cloth the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing about three ounces of orchard white, then shake well and you have a whole quarter-pint of skin and complexion lotion at about the cost one usually pays for a small jar of ordinary cold cream. Be sure to strain the lemon juice so no pulp gets into the bottle, then this lotion will remain pure and fresh for months. When applied daily to the face, neck, arms and hands it naturally should help to whiten, clear, smoothen and beautify.

Any druggist will supply three ounces of orchard white at very little cost and the grocer has the lemons. In this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion ladies can easily prepare and have an inexpensive toilet aid which perfectly satisfies their natural desire for a beautiful soft skin.

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